CLARENCE.

By Bret Harte.

Copprigat. 1991, by Bret Harte.

Coppri

"Certainly. But there is no immediate danger to you even here—and I can soon put you bend the reach of any possible harm."
"Harm—to me! God! if it were only that!"

He stared at her uneastly. Listen," she said, gasping, "listen to me! Then hate, despise me-kill me if you will. For you are betrayed and ruined-cut off and surrounded! It has been helped on by me, but I swear to you the blow did not come from my hand! I would have saved you. God knows how it happened—it was fate!"
In an instant Brant saw its truth instinctively

and clearly. But with the revelation came that wonderful calmness and perfect self-possession which never yet had failed him in any emer-gency. With the sound of the increasing cannonade and its shifting position made clearer to his ears the view of his whole threatened position spread out like a map before his eyes, the ewift calculation of the time his men could hold the ridge, in his mind—even the hurried estimate of the precious moments he could give to the wretched woman before him-all this he was alive to as he gravely, even gently, led her to a chair and said in a critical and level voice: This is not enough! Speak slowly, plainly.

I must know everything. How and in what way have you betrayed me?" She looked at him imploringly—reassured, yet awed by his gentleness. "You won't believe me! You cannot believe me! But I do not even know; I have taken and exchanged letters whose contents I never saw-between the Confederates and a spy who comes to this housebut who is far away by this time. I did it because I thought you hated and despired me, because I thought it was my duty to help my cause, because you said it was 'war' between us; but I have not spled on you. Iswear it!"
"Then how do you know of this attack?" he

said calmly.

She brightened, half timidly, half hopefully. "There is a window in the wing of this house that overlooks the slope near the Confederate lines. There was a signal placed in it-not by me-but I know it meant that as long as it was there the plot, whatever it was, was not ripe, and that no attack would be made on you as long as it was visible. That much I knew, that much the spy had to tell me, for we both had to guard that room in turns. I wanted to keep this dreadful thing off until—until." her voice trembled-"until," she added hurriedly, seeing his calm eyes were reading her very soul, "until some of the letters that were given me. But this morning, while I was away from the house, I looked back and saw that the signal was no longer there. Some one had changed it. I ran

back, but too late, God help me, as you see!" The truth flashed upon Brant. It was his own hand that had precipitated the attack! But a larger truth came to him now, like a dazzling inspiration. If he had thus precipitated the attack before it was ripe there was a chance that it was imperfect, and there was still hope. But there was no trace of this visible in his face as he fixed his eyes calmly on hers, although his pulses were halting in expectancy as he said: Then the spy had suspected and changed it."

"Oh, no!" she said eagerly, "for the spy was with me and was frightened, too. We both ran back together you remember—she was stopped by the patrol!" She checked herself suddenly, but too late. Her cheeks blazed, her head sank -with the foolish disclosure into which her eagerness had betrayed her.
But Brant appeared not to notice it. He was, in fact, pussing his brain to conceive what information the stupio mulatto woman could have obtained here. She must have been, like the trembling, eager woman before him, a mere tool of others.

trembling, eager woman before him, a mere tool of others.

"Did this woman live here?" he said,
"No," she said. "The lived with the Manlys, but had friends whom she visited at your General's headquarters."

With difficuity Brant suppressed a start. It was clear to him how. The information had been obtained at the division headquarters and passed through his camp as being nearest the Confederate lines. But what was the information, and what movement had he precipitated? It was clear that this woman did not know. He looked at her keenly. A sudden explosion shook the house, a drift of smoke passed the window—a shell had burst in the garden.

She had been gazing at him despairingly, wistfully, but she did not hinned or start.

An idea took passession of him. He approached her and took her cold hand. A half smile parted her pale lips.

"You have courage—you have devotion," he said gravely. "I believe you have devotion," he said gravely. "I believe you regret the step you have done, even at peril to yourself, dare you do it?"

"Yes," she raid breathlessly.

CHAPTER VI.

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"You have courage you have devotion," he said gravely. "I believe you regret the series of the property of have done, even at perit to yourself, day on have taken. If you could undo what you have deven. If you could undo what you have done, even at perit to yourself, day." "You are known to the enemy. If I am surrounded you could pass through the Confederate lines unquestioned."

"Yes." she said, cagerly.

"You would bear a note to the General that no eyes but his must see, it would not implicately you or yours—it would bear a note to the General that no eyes but his must see, it would not implicately you gazing the pickets of our headquariers. But you would not then be the your saistance? He smiled gently. "Yerhaps—who knows?"

"And you," she said quickly, "would be you meet him."

"And your she said pulckly, "would be you meet him."

"And would not then be the your saistance? He smiled gently. "Yerhaps—who knows?"

He said down and wrote hurriedly. "This," he said down and wrote hurriedly would be a sealed of the confederate thin.

"My lover" she said indignantly, with a fast of her old savagery. "What do you meen? I have no lover. What has you meen? "Pardon mee, said the face, "I have no lover." What do you meen? "I have no lover." What do you meen? "Pardon mee, said frant quickly, "I wait a fast of the collection of the control of savagery. "What do you meen?"

"Pardon mee, said frant quickly, "I wait a fast follow her of its parange to his feet wants of the collection of the control of the count of the count of the count of the said, handling her a stale of the count of the count

from which he had just risen. Taking it to the candle, he read in a roughly scrawled head:

"You are asleep when you should be on the march. You have no time to lose. Before day-break the supports of the column you have been foolishly resisting will be upon you. From one who would save you, but fates your cause."

For a moment he was transfixed. The handwriting was unknown, and evidently disguised. It was not the purport of the message that slarmed him, but the terrible suspicion that flashed upon him that it came from Miss Fanik-ner! She had fasiled in her attempt to pass through the enemy's lines—or she had never tried to! She had deceived him, or she had thought better of her chivalious impulse, and now tried to mitigate her second treachery by this second warning! And he had let her messenger escape him!

He hurriedly descended the stairs. The sound of voices was approaching him. He haited, and recognized the faces of the brigade surgeon and one of his aides-de-camp.

"We were hestlating whether to disturb you. General, but it may be an affair of some importance. Under your orders a neigro woman was just now challenged stealing out of the lines. Attempting to escape, she was chased, there was a struggle and scramble over the wall, and she fell, striking her head. She was brought into the guard house unconscious."

"Very good. I will see her," said Brant, with a feeling of reilef.

"One moment, General. We thought you would perhaps prefer to see her alone," said the surgeon. "For when I endeavored to bring her to, and was sponging her face to discover her injuries, her color came off! She was a white woman—stained and disguised as a mulatto."

For an instant Brant's heart sank. It was Miss Faulkner.

"Did you recognize her?" he said, glancing from the one to the other. "Had you seen her here before?"

"No, str," replied the alde-de-camp. "But she sconed to be quito a superior woman—a lady. I should say."

"No, sir," replied the side-de-camp, "But sho seemed to be quite a superior woman—a lady, I should say."

Brant breathed more freely. "Where is she now?" he asked.

"In the guard house, We thought it better not to bring her into the nespital, among the men, until we had your orders."

It was a superior to the see that she is brought here quiefly and with as little publicity as possible. Put here do not not her and any necessary attendant, But you will look carefully after her, Doctor, he turned to her and any necessary attendant, But you will look carefully after her, Doctor, he turned to the surgeon, "and when she recovers consciousness let me know." Although attaching little but he surgeon, and when she recovers consciousness let me know. Although attaching little better that the surgeon has been an advantaged to the criginal plan of attach he nevertheless quickly despatched a small scouting party in the direction from which the attack might come, with orders to fail back and report at once. With a certain half irony of recollection he had resoned was based only upon a knowledge of the criginal plan of attach he nevertheless quickly despatched a small scouting party in the direction from which the attack might come, with orders to fail back and report at once. With a certain half irony of recollection he had selected Jim Hooker to accompany the party aller. The surgeon met him at the door. "The indications of concussion are passing away," he said, "but she seems to be suffering from the exhaustion following some great nervous excitement. You may go in—she may raily from it any moment."

With the artificial step and mysterious hush of the ordinary visitor to a sick bed, Brant entered the room. But some instinct greater than it will be a surgeon met him at the door. "The indications of concussion are passing away," he said, "but she seems to be suffering from the aximal privacy which had first impressed him. Yet he heilated; and they surgeon seed in the surgeon seed in the surgeon seed in the surgeon seed in th

(To be continued.)

MR. GOFF'S PATRONAGE. He Will Not Have Much as Recorder, But He Is Overrun with Applications for It. The Recorder of New York has the appointment of several court officers, and there is already some controversy among Mr. Goff's partisary over these. The law relating to the patronage of the Recorder is somewhat vague. In the Court of General Sessions there is a clerk who gets \$7,000 a year, a deputy who gets

\$5,000, an assistant who gets \$3,000, three ordi-

nary clerks who get \$2,500, two interpreters and forty attendants, eleven of whom receive

\$1,200 a year each, and twenty-nine of whom receive \$1,000. This patronage was originally di-

your room.

The your some pituous significance of her speech dispelled the last lingering remnant of Brant's dream. In a voice as dry as her own he said:

"I am afraid you will now have to remember only that I am a Northern General and you a Southern spy."

"So be it." she said gravely. Then, impulsively, "But I have not spied on you."

"Yet the next moment she bit her lips as if the supression had unwittingly escaped her; and back on her pillow.

"It matters not," said Brant coldly, "You have used this house and those within it to forward your designs. It is not your fault that you found nothing in the despatch box you opened." She stared at him quickly; then shrugged her shoulders again. "I might have known she was false to me, she said bitterly, "and that you will—she betrayed me! For what?"

A flush passed over Brant's face. But with an effort he contained himself. "It was the flower that betrayed you! The flower whose red dust fell in the box when you opened it on the desk by the window in yonder room. The flower that stood in the window as a stand. The flower last stood in the window as a stand. The flower last stood in the window as a stand. The flower last stood in the window as a stand. The flower last stood in the window as a stand. The flower last stood in the window as a stand. The flower last stood in the window as a stand. The flower last stood in the window as a stand. The flower last stood in the window as a stand. The flower last stood in the window as a stand. The flower last stood in the window as a stand. The flower last stood in the window as a stand. The flower last stood in the window as a stand. The flower last stood in the window as a stand. The flower last stood in the window in your assessment the stand and the stand as the didn't sell me -your wine the flower last stand and the stand as the didn't sell me -your window as a stand and the stand window as a stand window as a stand window as a stand as a stand window as a stand window as a stand window as a stand window as a stand window

sh 30 torty attendants, eleven or whom receive \$1,000. This patronage was originally divided between the Recorder and the City Judge, and afterward, when a Judge of Sessions was added to keep pace with the growing criminal business of the county, certain appointments were given to him. In 1887 provision was made by the Legislature for an additional tieneral Sessions Judge, and Randolph B. Martine, the District Attorney at that time, was elected to the office. This made four Judges of the General Sessions Court, and if the appointment of cierks and attendants was evenly divided, each would have two of the former and ten of the latter. But three is a working majority of a Board of four in politics, and when Judge Martine was elected be got fewer appointments than he was entitled to. Recorder Smyth, City Judge Cowing, and tieneral Sessions Judge Fitzgerald, voting together, had a majority and filled most of the offices.

The defeat of Recorder Smyth for reflection with if the Judges of the General Sessions Court who hold over act together, cause ten vacancies among the attendants now filled by Tammany Hall men, the Clerk of the General Sessions Court being John F. Carroll, Tammany district leader in the Sixteenth district, and a majority of the present attendants being Tammany Hall men. It is not at all certain that this will be the case, for if Judges Cowing and Fitzgerald and Martine vote together they will constitute a clear majority, and even if two of them vote together no change can be made. Thus the power of appointments to the vected in Recorder-elect Goff is conjectural. He may have one-quarter of the patronage of the General Sessions Court. Again, he may have only such congrisher no change can be made. Thus the power of appointments as the good will of his associates, who are in a majority on the bench of this court, may accord him.

Since the result of the election became known Mr. tooff has been overrun with applications for appointment and the greatering and that he would be very giast if a way might

OUR LEGATION AT PERIN.

The Mumble Structure in Which Mr. Benby Makes His Home in China. This building looks like a modest and comfortable cottage in a Catakili hamlet. It is nothing of the sort, however. The dignity of the United States Government is housed under this roof. This is the home of the United States Legation at Pekin. Ten of the powers have diplomatic representatives at China's capital. Some of them are more pretentiously housed than Minis-

ter Denby of the United States, and some man-

ence of these men was obnoxious to the people, and that they must be sent to Tientsin for the winter at least. The Government solemnly declared that they would guarantee full protection for the Legations and their property. So the military feature of the Legations was bundled off to Fekin.

The situation has not changed at all for the better since two years ago, when a correspondent of the London Times wrote:

"At no capital in the world are relations between the Government of the country and representatives of foreign powers conducted under circumstances so profoundly dissatisfactory as at Pekin. There is a besolutely no intercourse between the native officials and foreigners. Few of the latter have ever been, except for a purely cere-



THE UNITED STATES MINISTER'S HOUSE AT PERIN.

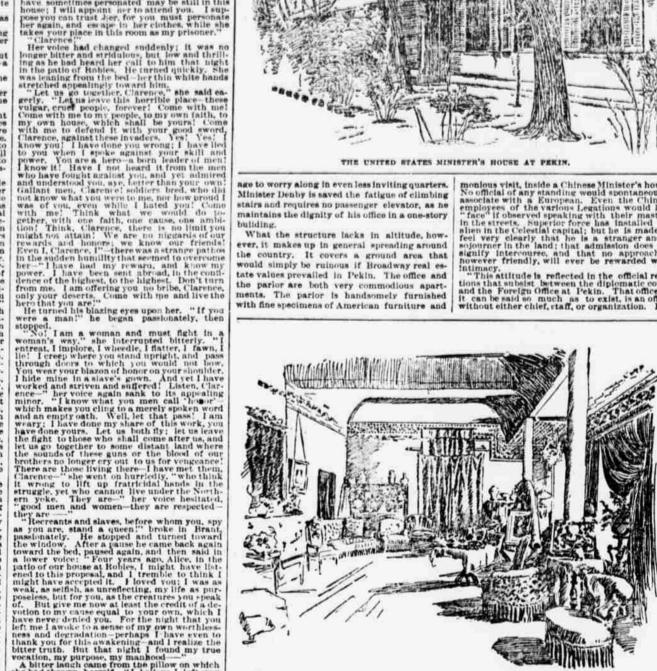
age to worry along in even less inviting quarters. Minister Denby is saved the fatigue of climbing stairs and requires no passenger elevator, as he maintains the dignity of his office in a one-story building.

What the structure lacks in altitude, however, it makes up in general spreading around the country. It covers a ground area that would simply be ruinous if Broadway real estate values prevailed in Pekin. The office and the parior are both very commodious apartments. The parior is handsomely furnished with fine specimens of American furniture and

monious visit, inside a Chinese Minister's house. No official of any standing would spontaneously associate with a European. Even the Chinese employees of the various Legations would lose "face" if observed speaking with their masters in the streets. Superior force has installed the alien in the Celestial capital; but he is made to feel very clearly that he is a stranger and a sojourner in the land; that admission does not signify intercourse, and that no approaches, however friendly, will ever be rewarded with intimacy.

however themely, who have the official rela-fintimacy.

"This attitude is reflected in the official rela-tions that subsit between the diplomatic corps and the Foreign Office at Pekin. That office, if it can be said so much as to exist, is an office without either chief, staff, or organization. For



THE PARLOR OF THE AMERICAN LEGATION.

upholstery arts. One photograph of the parlor shows a centre table, on which lies a large volume. The limitations of the photographic art

ume. The limitations of the photographic art are here painfully apparent. The volume looks like a Rible, but it may be merely a photograph album.

It is not exactly a soft snap to be Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the capital of China. The Pekinese do not love the stranger within their gates, even though he be a great man. The Legations have always thought it necessary to keep a considerable number of men on hand, sufficient, with good arms in their hands, to make a show of ability to protect themselves in case a mob ever came against them. The other day the Chinese tiovernment notified the Legations that the pres-

purposes nominally of discussion, more frequently of delay, a Board known as the Tsung-li-Yamén has been invented, a number of whose members, ranging, perhaps, from three to a dozen, sit round a table to receive the diplomat and listen to his representations. Its members have neither been trained to a knowledge of foreign affairs, being mostly heads of other department, nor are they selected for particular aptitudes in that direction. Their lack of experience insures irresolution; their freedom from all responsibility, inaptitude, and their excessive numbers, paralysis. With whom the decision ultimately rests no one appears to know. So long as the result is procrastination, and China is not compelled to act, except as she herself may desire, the Tsung-li-Yamén haveserved their purpose."

TWO GREAT MEN IN CHINA. One of Them Is the Emperor's Father, and

He Helped His Son to the Throne. The two gentlemen in the picture are very mportant and high-toned personages in China. Both of them are members of the reigning family, and the younger gentleman on the right has the proud distinction of being the Emperor's father and the seventh prince, which means that he was the seventh brother of the former Emperor, Hien-Fong. The august young potentate Kwang-su owes a great deal to his father,

about the consummation he so greatly desired. It is said that he caused his adherents to makemost effective use of this argument:

most effective use of this argument:

The men in favor were told that if Prince Chun's son was selected ab. Emperor they would be secure in their positions during the minority of the Emperor elect. But if the son of Prince Kung was chosen as Emperor, he, being of an age to judge for himself, might choose other advisers. Other potent arguments were advanced, and the infant was duly chosen as Emperor of China.

Prince Kung was, however, continued in power for some years, and then came his collapse, which was recently described in The Sux. He is again a very infidential factor in China.



A PRINCE OF CHESA. THE EMPEROR'S PATHER. TWO GREAT CHINESE NOBLEMEN.

for, if it had not been for the great ability of Prince Chun as a logroller and a political manipulator, the boy would never have occupied the throne of China. It came about in this way:

The Emperor Tung Che died suddenly of amall-pox in 1875. He left no children. On his death there were two candidates for the throne possible. They were both cousins of the late Emperor and to yield to these two powerful personal tough its preferences were violently supposed to their own. In February, 1889, the young marrying the daughter of a Manchu noble, despite the fact that he was not a member of the imperial clan. The Empress blowager, who bear head to yield to their own. In February, 1889, the young marrying the daughter of a Manchu noble, despite the fact that he was not a member of the imperial clan. The Empress blowager, who bear head in the palace to settle the claims of these two, and the infant child of Prince Chun was selected. Prince Chun was very adjoit in bringing

THE SHY SANG DIGGERS. CURIOUS RACE IN THE WEST FIRGINIA MOUNTAINS.

Dwelling in Ignorance and Went, They
Dig Ginseng for a Livin; and Are
Happy-Their Tricks in Trade-Importance of the Moot They Dig. "I read in Tue Sun the other day." said . New York dealer in roots, "the item from Wheeling about Moyer Horkeiner finding twenty-seven and a half pounds of shot in a shipment of ginseng root he had received, the discovery of which seemed to have surprised him. That it should have strikes me as being odd, for the loading of ginseng root with shot to increase its weight and swell the amount to be received for it is a very old trick of sang diggers, as every one who has ever dealt with them ought to know. This is especially true of the Sangers of the West Virginia mountains. "Ginseng grows in all the rich upland woods

of North America, from Canada to the mountains of the Southern States, but especially in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. It grows superabundantly in the West Virginia moun-tains, and there the professional sanger is found in all his uniqueness. The sang diggers of Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and other States are usually farmers and their families, who harvest this wild crop as an incidental, though profitable, addition to their regular farm products, but in West Virginia there are whole communities the dwellers in which do no other work than digging ginseng and have no other income than the proceeds of the sale of the root. It is probably hardly neces-sary to say that these Sangers are of a low

sary to say that these Sangers are or a now order of thumanity. There are scattering nomadic tribes of them in other parts of the brirs. Webster, Pendicton, and Nicholas a race of these people have a fixed indictation. They come the same of these people have a fixed indictation. They can be seen a simple of the same of the same

## Flubers of Men. From the Full Mall Gasette.

Promite Isla Mail Gasette.

A novel contest has taken place at the Edinburgh Corporation Staths between one of the strongest estimates in Socialized and a well-known Socialized and a strongest swinners in Socialized and a well-known Socialized and supplies that where the contest track place is 80 feet long and 40 feet wide. The angier was furnished with an elevenfoot troiling rad and undiessed allk line. The line was fixed to a girth beit made expressly for the purposed by a swivel immediately between the shoulders of the swimmer, at the point where he had greatest pulling power. In the first trial the line snapped. Having been again secured another trial was made. The angier gave and played without altogether slacking line, and several porpose dives were well handled. The swimmer than tried cross-swimming from corner to corner, but ultimately was beaten, the mater healing with a sent for the rad and line. Another contest took place, in which the angier employed a very light lumbeld from the analyst employed a very light lumbeld trouting med. To see long and welching only 65s connecs, the line the same as that used with the radius rod. The swimmer, whose aim was evidently to amagn the rod, pulled and leaged in the water. He was however, held steadily, and in about five minutes was forced to give in the competitors were almost exhausted.